LINCOLN MEMORIAL NUMBER

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Young R H
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MONUMENTAL WORK OF ART

Life-Mask Bust of Abraham Lincoln

HIS "VERY FORM AND MOLD" LIFE-SIZE, LIFE-LIKE AND LUMINOUS

Sculptor's Graphic Account of his Magnificent Achievement

LEONARD W. VOLK, Sculptor, in Century Magazine, December, 1881

My first meeting with Abraham Lincoln was in 1858, when the celebrated senatorial contest opened in Chicago between him and Stephen A. Douglas. I was invited by the latter to accompany him and his party by a special train to Springfield, to which train was attached a platform-car, having on board a cannon, which made considerable noise on the journey. At Bloomington we all stopped over night, as Douglas had a speech to make there in the evening. The party went to the Landon House, the only hotel, I believe, in the place at that time.

While we were sitting in the hotel office, after supper, Mr. Lincoln entered, carrying an old carpet-bag in his hand, and wearing a weather-beaten silk hat—too large, apparently, for his head—a long, loosely-fitting frock-coat of black alpaca, and vest and trousers of the same material. He walked up to the counter and, saluting the clerk pleasantly, passed the bag over to him, and inquired if he was too late for supper. The clerk replied that supper was over, but thought enough could be "scraped up" for him.

"All right," said Mr. Lincoln; "I don't want much."

Meanwhile he said he would wash the dust off; he was certainly very dusty, for it was the month of June and quite warm. While he was so engaged several old friends, who had learned of his arrival, rushed in to see him, some of them shouting out, "How are you, Old Abe?" Mr. Lincoln grasped them by the hand in his cordial manner, with the broadest and pleasantest smile on his rugged face. This was the first good view I had of the "coming man", though I had seen him at a distance and passed him on the sidewalk in Chicago a few days before.

Mr. Lincoln was on the platform in front of the court-house when Mr. Douglas spoke, and replied to the Senator when he had finished. I regretted to hear some hard words which passed between them while Mr. Douglas was speaking.

The next day we all stopped at the town of Lincoln, where short speeches were made by the contestants, and dinner was served at the hotel, after which, and as Mr. Lincoln came out on the plank-walk in front, I was formally presented to him. He saluted me with his natural cordiality, grasping my hand in both his large hands with a vice-like grip and, looking down in my face with his beaming dark, dull eyes, said:

"How do you do? I am glad to meet you. I have read of you in the papers; you are making a statue of Judge Douglas for Governor Mattison's new house?"

"Yes, sir," I answered, "and some time, when you are in Chicago and can spare the time, I would like to have you sit to me for your bust."

"Yes, I will, Mr. Volk—shall be glad to, the first opportunity I have."

All were soon on board the long train, crowded with people, going to hear the speeches at Springfield. The train stopped on the track, near Edward's Grove, in the northern outskirts of the town, where staging was erected and a vast crowd waiting under the shade of the trees. On leaving the train, most of the passengers climbed over the fences and crossed the stubble-field, taking a short cut to the grove, among them Mr. Lincoln, who stalked forward alone, taking immense strides, the before mentioned carpet-bag and an umbrella in his hands, and his coat-skirts flying in the breeze. I managed to keep pretty close in the rear of the tall, gaunt figure, with the head craned forward, apparently much over the balance, like the leaning tower of Pisa, that was moving something like a hurricane across that rough stubble-field. He approached the rail fence, sprang over it as nimbly as a boy of eighteen, and disappeared from my sight. Soon after, and while Douglas was speaking, Mr. Lincoln suddenly reappeared in the crowd, mounted upon a fine, spirited horse.

In the evening I went to hear him speak in the Hall of Representatives of the old State House. He spoke with much deliberation and earnestness, and I thought there was sadness in his tone of voice; he reminded his friends of the difficulty of carrying the State for himself, owing to the way in which it was districted at the time, and cautioned them not to be over-sanguine—to be prepared for defeat; if they wished for victory, no stone must be left unturned.

I did not see him again for nearly two years. I spent most of the winter of 1860 in Washington, publishing a statuette of Senator Douglas, and just before leaving, in the month of March, I called upon Mr. Douglas' colleague in the Senate, from Illinois, and asked him if he had an idea who would be the probable nominee of the Republican party for President, that I might model a bust of him in advance. He replied that he did not have the least particle of an idea who he would be, only that it would not be Judge Douglas.

I returned to Chicago and got my studio in the Portland Block in order and ready for work, and began to consider whose bust I should first begin in the clay, when I noticed in a morning paper that Abraham Lincoln was in town—retained as one of the counsel in a "sand-bar" trial, in which the Michigan Central Railroad was either plaintiff or defendant. I at once decided to remind him of his promise to sit to me, made two years before. I found him in the United States District Court-room (in a building known at the time as the "Lamon Block"), his feet on the edge of a table, one of his fingers thrust into his mouth, and his long, dark hair standing out at every imaginable angle, apparently uncombed for a week. He was surrounded by a group of lawyers, such as James F. Joy, Isaac N. Arnold, Thomas Hoyne, and others. Mr. Arnold obtained his attention in my behalf, when he instantly arose and met me outside the rail, recognizing me at once with his usual grip of both hands. He remembered his promise, and said, in answer to my question, that he expected to be detained by the case for a week. He added:

"I shall be glad to give you the sittings. When shall I come, and how long will you need me each time?"

Just after breakfast, every morning, would, he said, suit him the best, and he could remain till court opened at 10 o'clock. I answered that I would be ready for him the next morning, Thursday. This was in the early part of April, 1860.

"Very well, Mr. Volk, I will be there, and I'll go to a barber and have my hair cut before I come."

I requested him not to let the barber cut it too short, and said I would rather he would leave it as it was; but to this he would not consent. Then, all of a sudden, he ran his fingers through his hair, and said:

"No, I cannot come tomorrow, as I have an engagement with Mr. W—— to go to Evanston tomorrow and attend an entertainment; but I'd rather come and sit to you for the bust than go there and meet a lot of college professors and others, all strangers to me. And I will be obliged if you will go to Mr. W——'s office now, and get me released from the engagement. I will wait here till you come back."

So off I posted, but Mr. W—— would not release him, because, he said, it would be a great disappointment to the people he had invited. Mr. Lincoln looked quite sorry when I reported to him the failure of my mission.

"Well, he said, "I suppose I must go, but I will come to you Friday morning."

He was there promptly—indeed, he never failed to be on time. My studio was in the fifth story, and there were no elevators in those days, and I soon learned to distinguish his steps on the stairs, and am sure he frequently came up two if not three, steps at a stride. When he sat down the first time in that hard, wooden, low-armed chair, which I still possess, and which has been occupied by Douglas, Seward, and Generals Grant and Dix, he said:

"Mr. Volk, I have never sat before to sculptor or painter—only for daguerreotypes and photographs. What shall I do?"

I told him I would only take the measurements of his head and shoulders that time, and next morning, Saturday, I would make a cast of his face, which would save him a number of sittings. He stood up against the wall and I made a mark above his head, and then measured up to it from the floor, and said:

"You are just twelve inches taller than Judge Douglas; that is, just six feet one inch."

Before commencing the cast next morning, and knowing Mr. Lincoln's fondness for a story, I told him one in order to remove what I thought an apprehensive expression — as though he feared the operation might be dangerous; and this is the story:

I occasionally employed a little black-eyed, black-haired, and dark-skinned Italian as a formatore in plaster work, who had related to me a short time before that himself and a comrade image vender were "doing" Switzerland by hawking their images. One day a Swiss gentleman asked him if he could make his likeness in plaster. "Oh, yes, signor; I am a sculptor!" So Matteo Mattei —such was the name of the pretender—got some plaster, laid the big Swiss gentleman on his back, stuck a quill in each nostril for him to breathe through, and requested him to close his eyes. Then "Mat," as I called him, poured the soft plaster all over his face and forehead; then he paused for reflection; as the plaster was beginning to set he became frightened, as he had never before undertaken such a job, and had neglected to prepare the face properly, especially the gentleman's huge beard, mustache, and the hair about the temples and forehead, through which, of course, the plaster had run and become solid. "Mat made an excuse to go outside the door—"then," said he, "I run like ——."

I saw Mr. Lincoln's eyes twinkle with mirth.

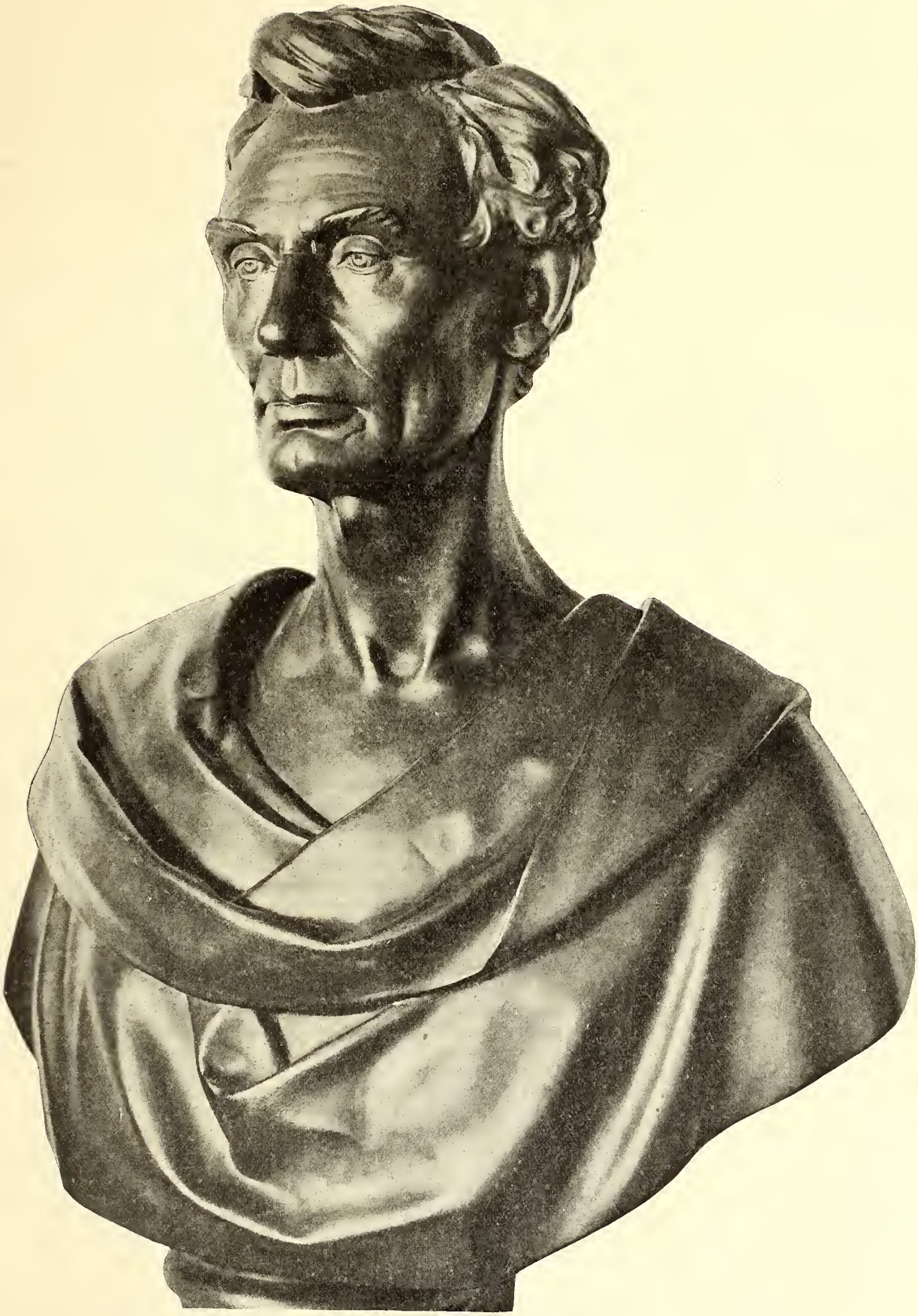
"How did he get it off?" said he.

I answered that probably, after reasonable waiting for the scultore, he had to break it off, and cut and pull out all the hair which the tenacious plaster touched, the best way he could. "Mat" said he took special pains to avoid that particular part of Switzerland after that artistic experience. But his companion, who somewhat resembled him, not knowing anything of his partner's performance, was soon after overhauled by the gentleman and nearly cudgeled to death.

Upon hearing this, the tears actually trickled down Mr. Lincoln's bronzed cheeks, and he was at once in the best of humors. He sat naturally in the chair when I made the cast, and saw every move I made in a mirror opposite, as I put the plaster on without interference with his eyesight or his free breathing through the nostrils. It was about an hour before the mold was ready to be removed, and being all in one piece, with both ears perfectly taken, it clung pretty hard, as the cheek bones were higher than the jaws at the lobe of the ear. He bent his head low and took hold of the mold, and gradually worked it off without breaking or injury. It hurt a little, as a few hairs of the tender temples pulled out with the plaster and made his eyes water; but the remembrance of the poor Swiss gentleman evidently kept him in good mood.

He entered my studio on Sunday morning, remarking that a friend at the hotel (Tremont House) had invited him to attend church, "but," said Mr. Lincoln, "I thought I'd rather come and sit for the bust. The fact is," he continued, "I don't

(*Continued on page 5*)



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Half-tone Cut from Leonard Volk's Life-Mask Bust of Lincoln made in April, 1860, a few weeks before his nomination as Candidate for President. The exact Life-size Bust is among Dr. Chapman's Lincolnic Collection.

THE SEARCHLIGHT

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FEBRUARY, 1912

LINCOLNICS

Valuable and Rare Contributions to the History of our Martyr-President

We are devoting much of the space of this February issue of The Searchlight to matters pertaining to Abraham Lincoln, who was born in Hardin County, Kentucky, on the twelfth of February, 1809. With the progress of time there is a marked increase in the interest taken in everything pertaining to this "First American" as Abraham Lincoln was fittingly designated by Lowell.

In a small degree the writer is made conscious of this fact by the increased number and urgency of requests for his lecture on "Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln." With this request has also come the expressed desire for the reproduction of the writer's account of Lincoln's second inauguration. We are, therefore, presuming upon the interest our readers will take in that article which, in this paper, is copied from our February issue of 1909.

We are peculiarly happy to be able to present to our readers the magnificent half-tone cut of the photograph taken from the life mask bust of Lincoln, together with the sculptor's account of the making of that monumental work of art.

This is the only life mask bust of Lincoln made prior to his nomination as a candidate for the presidency. In the sculptor's account of the making of this bust there is a reference to a similar effort by another sculptor. After diligent search we have been unable to gain any knowledge of such a bust of Mr. Lincoln.

During his presidential term Clark Mills, the distinguished American sculptor, made a life mask of Mr. Lincoln, a picture of which appeared in the Century Magazine. But in our estimation that bust cannot compare in excellence with the one made by Volk.

There are other busts and bas-reliefs made by sculptors from photographs, some of which have been pronounced excellent representations of Mr. Lincoln.

But the bust from which this picture is made is the exact representation of Mr. Lincoln as he looked in April, 1860, a few weeks before his nomination as a candidate for president. It is the unspeakable gratification of the writer to have this bust; and to look upon it in the bright sunshine or in the glare of electric light, and to know that it is an exact reproduction in every proportion, of Mr. Lincoln as he then looked. If our estimate of the readers of The Searchlight is correct, they will be delighted to have this article by the sculptor for perusal and preservation.

We call especial attention to the article respecting Mr. Lincoln's attitude on the liquor question. It is universally known that Mr. Lincoln was a total abstainer. But the more unscrupulous class of the liquor propaganda have endeavored to produce evidence that he was opposed to prohibition.

The article by Maj. Merwin, which appears in this paper, states the facts respecting Mr. Lincoln's hearty approval of, and earnest work in the cause of prohibition. In this connection we ask our readers to turn again to the January issue of The Searchlight and re-read the article entitled "A Sufficient Reason" which appears upon the third page of that paper. Entertaining as he did, the views expressed respecting slavery and his reasons for opposing it, it would be impossible for Mr. Lincoln to sustain toward the liquor traffic any other attitude than that which Maj. Merwin declares he expressed many times during his association with him during the campaign of 1854-55.

It should not be forgotten that Maj. Merwin was associated with Mr. Lincoln from their first meeting in 1854 until the day preceding Mr. Lincoln's death. His statements respecting Mr. Lincoln's attitude on prohibition should be considered in connection with the fact that he was recommended by leading army officials to labor among the soldiers in the interest of total abstinence, and that on the back of that recommendation are the following endorsements:

"If it be ascertained at the War Department that the President has legal authority to make an appointment such as is asked within, and Gen. Scott is of opinion it will be available for good, then let it be done.

A. LINCOLN.

"July 17, 1861."

"I esteem the mission of Mr. Merwin to this army a happy circumstance, and request all commanders to give him free access to all our camps and posts, and also to multiply occasions to enable him to address our officers and men.

"July 24, 1861.

WINFIELD SCOTT,
Department of Virginia."

"The mission of Mr. Merwin will be of great benefit to the troops, and I will furnish him with every facility to address the troops under my command. I hope the Gen'l commanding the army will give him such official position as Mr. Merwin may desire to carry out his object.

"August 8, 1861.

B. F. BUTLER,
Maj.-Gen. Com'd'g."

One year later, Mr. Lincoln gave to Maj. Merwin the following:

"Surgeon General will send Mr. Merwin wherever he may think the public service may require.

"July 24, 1862.

A. LINCOLN."

From the "Footprints of Abraham Lincoln" we learn that:

"On the day of his assassination the President had Mr. Merwin to dine with him, and that afternoon sent him on an important mission to New York. .. .. After the Presi-

dent had explained this business to Mr. Merwin, perhaps recalling again those stirring times ten years before when he had eampaigned with him, he stated that after reconstruction, the next great question will be the overthrow of the liquor traffic."

We earnestly recommend our readers to preserve this copy of The Searchlight with great care; and to familiarize themselves with all that it contains, especially Maj. Merwin's artiele respecting Mr. Lincoln's attitude on prohibition.

MONUMENTAL WORK OF ART

(Continued from page 2)

like to hear cut and dried sermons. No—when I hear a man preach I like to see him act as if he were fighting bees!" And he extended his long arms, at the same time suiting the action to the words. He gave me on this day a long sitting of more than four hours, and when it was concluded, went to our family apartment, on the corner of the building across the corridor from the studio, to look at a collection of photographs which I had made in 1855-6-7, in Rome and Florence. While sitting in the rocking-chair, he took my little son on his lap and spoke kindly to him, asking his name, age, etc. I held the photographs up and explained them to him, but I noticed a growing weariness, and his eyelids closed occasionally as if he were sleepy, or were thinking of something besides Grecian and Roman statuary and architecture. Finally, he said: "These things must be very interesting to you, Mr. Volk, but the truth is I don't know much of history, and all I do know of it I have learned from law-books."

The sittings were continued daily till the Thursday following, and during their continuance he would talk almost unceasingly, telling some of the funniest and most laughable of stories, but he talked little of politics or religion during those sittings. He said: "I am bored nearly every time I sit down to a public dining-table by some one pitching into me on politics." Upon one occasion he spoke most enthusiastically of his profound admiration of Henry Clay, saying that he "almost worshipped him."

I remember, also, that he paid a high compliment to the late General William A. Richardson, and said: "I regard him as one of the truest men that ever lived; he sticks to Judge Douglas through thick and thin—never deserted him, and never will. I admire such a man! By the by, Mr. Volk, he is now in town and stopping at the Tremont. May I bring him with me tomorrow to see the bust?" Accordingly he brought him and two other old friends, ex-Lieut.-Gov. McMurray of Illinois, and Ebenezer Peck, all of whom looked a moment at the clay model, saying it was "just like him!" Then they began to tell stories and rehearse reminiscences, one after another. I can imagine I now hear their hearty laughs, just as I can see, as if photographed, the tall figure of Lincoln striding across that stubble-field.

Many people, presumably political aspirants with an eye to future prospects, besieged my door for interviews, but I made it a rule to keep it locked, and I think Mr. Lincoln appreciated the precaution.

The last sitting was given Thursday morning, and I noticed that Mr. Lincoln was in something of a hurry. I had finished the head, but desired to represent his breast and brawny shoulders as nature presented them; so he stripped off his coat, waistcoat, shirt, cravat and collar, threw them on a chair, pulled his undershirt down a short distance, tying the sleeves behind him, and stood up without a murmur for an hour or so. I then said that I was done, and was a thousand times obliged to him for his promptness and patience, and offered to assist him to re-dress, but he said: "No, I can do it better alone." I kept at my work without looking toward him, wishing to catch the form as accurately as possible while it was fresh in my memory. Mr. Lincoln left hurriedly, saying he had an engagement, and with a cordial "Good-bye! I will see you again soon," passed out. A few moments after, I recognized his steps rapidly returning. The door opened, and in he came, exclaiming: "Hello, Mr. Volk! I got down on the sidewalk and found I had forgotten to put on my undershirt, and thought it wouldn't do to go through the streets this way." Sure enough, there were the sleeves of that garment dangling below the skirts of his broadcloth frock-coat! I went at once to his assistance, and helped to undress and redress him all right, and out he went, with a hearty laugh at the absurdity of the thing.

On a Thursday in the month of June following, Mr. Lincoln received the nomination on the third ballot for President of the United States. And it happened that on the same day I was on the cars, nearing Springfield. About midday we reached Bloomington, and there learned of his nomination. At three or four o'clock we arrived at our destination. The afternoon was lovely—bright and sunny, neither too warm nor too cool; the grass, trees, and the hosts of blooming roses, so profuse in Springfield, appeared to be vieing with the ringing bells and waving flags.

As soon as I had brushed off the dust and registered at the old Chenery House, I went straight to Mr. Lincoln's unpretentious two-story house. He saw me from his door or window, coming down the street, and as I entered the gate, he was on the platform in front of the door, and quite alone. His face looked radiant. I exclaimed: "I am the first man from Chicago, I believe, who has the honor of congratulating you on your nomination for President." Then those two great hands took both of mine with a grasp never to be forgotten. And while shaking, I said: "Now that you will doubtless be the next President of the United States I want to make a statue of you, and shall do my best to do you justice." Said he: "I don't doubt it, for I have come to the conclusion that you are an honest man." and with that greeting I thought my hands were in a fair way of being crushed. I was invited into the parlor, and soon Mrs. Lincoln entered, holding a rose-bouquet in her hand, which she presented to me after the introduction; and in return I gave her a cabinet-size bust of her husband, which I had modeled from the large one, and happened to have with me. Before leaving the house it was arranged that Mr. Lincoln would give Saturday forenoon to obtaining full-length photographs to serve me for the proposed statue.

On Saturday evening, the committee appointed by the Convention to notify Mr. Lincoln formally of his nomination, headed by Mr. Ashman, of Massachusetts, reached Springfield by special train, bearing a large number of people, two or three hundred of whom carried rails on their shoulders, marching in military style from the train to the old State House Hall of Representatives, where they stacked them like muskets. The evening was beautiful and clear, and the entire population was astir. The bells pealed, flags waved, and cannon thundered forth the triumphant nomination of Springfield's favorite and distinguished citizen. The bonfires blazed brightly, and especially in front of that prim-looking white house on Eighth Street. The committee and the vast crowd following passed in at the front door, and made their exit through the kitchen door in the rear, Mr. Lincoln giving them all a hearty shake of the hand as they passed him in the parlor.

After it was all over and the crowd dispersed, late in the evening, I took a stroll and passed the house. A few small boys only were in the street, trying to keep up a little blaze among the dying embers of the bonfire. One of them cried out:

We are mailing this Number of the Searchlight without folding it, that our readers may have the rare picture of Lincoln in good condition for framing. Mount it on a sheet large enough to have space below the picture for Mr. Gilder's classic poem on page 7 of this paper.

"Here, Bill Lincoln, here's a stick."

Another chimed in:

"I've got a good one, Bill"—a picket he had slyly knocked from a door-yard fence.

By previous appointment, I was to cast Mr. Lincoln's hands on the Sunday following this memorable Saturday, at 9 a. m. I found him ready, but he looked more grave and serious than he had appeared on the previous days. I wished him to hold something in his right hand, and he looked for a piece of pasteboard, but could find none. I told him a round stick would do as well as anything. Thereupon he went to the wood-shed, and I heard the saw go, and soon he returned to the dining-room (where I did the work), whittling off the end of a piece of broom-handle. I remarked to him that he need not whittle off the edges.

"Oh, well," said he, "I thought I would like to have it nice."

When I had successfully cast the mold of the right hand, I began the left, pausing a few moments to hear Mr. Lincoln tell me about a scar on the thumb.

"You have heard that they call me a rail-splitter, and you saw them carrying rails in the procession Saturday evening; well, it is true that I did split rails, and one day, while I was sharpening a wedge on a log, the axe glanced and nearly took my thumb off, and there is the scar, you see."

The right hand appeared swollen as compared with the left, on account of excessive hand-shaking the evening before; this difference is distinctly shown in the cast.

That Sunday evening I returned to Chicago with the molds of his hands, three photographic negatives of him, the identical black alpaca campaign-suit of 1858, and a pair of Lynn newly made pegged boots. The clothes were all burned up in the great Chicago fire. The casts of the face and hands I saved by taking them with me to Rome, and they have crossed the sea four times.

The last time I saw Mr. Lincoln was in January, 1861, at his house in Springfield. His little parlor was full of friends and politicians. He introduced me to them all, and remarked to me aside that, since he had sat to me for his bust, he had lost forty pounds in weight. This was easily perceptible, for the lines of his jaws were very sharply defined through the short beard he was allowing to grow. Then he turned to the company, and announced in a general way that I had made a bust of him before his nomination, and that he was then giving daily sittings, at the St. Nicholas Hotel, to another sculptor; that he had sat to him for a week or more, but could not see the likeness, though he might yet bring it out.

"But," continued Mr. Lincoln, "in two or three days after Mr. Volk commenced my bust, there was the animal himself!"

And this was about the last, if not the last, remark I ever heard him utter, except the good-bye and his good wishes for my success.

I have omitted to say that, when sitting in April for the model, and speaking of his Cooper Institute speech delivered in New York a short time before, he said that he had arranged and composed this speech in his mind while going on the cars from Camden to Jersey City. When having his photograph taken at Springfield, he spoke of Colonel Ellsworth, whom he had met a short time before, and whose company of Zouaves he had seen drill. Lincoln said:

"He is the greatest little man I ever met."

LINCOLN AND LIQUOR

Authentic Statement of the Great Emancipator's Attitude Toward the Drink Habit and the Drink Traffic

BY MAJOR J. B. MERWIN

In God's good providence, I came to know him (Lincoln) here in his humble home in Springfield, in 1854, and before he had come to be the hero, beloved, glorified, known and loved by all who love liberty. It was in the autumn of 1854. I was a young man full of all the enthusiasm of those first Neal Dow triumphs in New England. Accepting the invitation of friends, I came to Illinois, where the campaign for State prohibition was getting under way. I reached Springfield, and one night had the privilege of speaking in the old State House, where, with legislators and townspeople, I found an appreciative audience.

After my address, there were calls of "Lincoln! Lincoln! Lincoln!" and in one minute, after the first accents of the pathetic voice were heard, the crowd hushed to a stillness as profound as if Lincoln were the only person present, and then this simple man gave to the hushed crowd such a definition of law, its design and mission, its object and power, as few present had ever known or dreamed. Among the points he made were the following:

Mr. Lincoln asked, "Is not the law of self-protection the first law of nature; the first primary law of civilized society? Law," he declared, "is for the protection, conservation and extension of right things, of right conduct; not for the protection of evil and wrong-doing.

"The State must, in its legislative action, recognize in the law enacted this principle—it must make sure and secure these endeavors to establish, protect, and extend right conditions and right conduct. These conditions will be secured and preserved, not by indifference, not by a toleration of evils, not by attempting to throw around any evil the shield of law; never by any attempt to license the evil.

"This sentiment of right conduct for the protection of home, of state, of church, of individuals must be taken up and embodied in legislation, and thus become a positive factor, active in the state. This is the first and most important function in the legislation of the modern state.

"This saves the whole, and not a part only, with a high, true conservatism through the united action of all, by all, for all. The prohibition of the liquor traffic, except for medical and mechanical purposes, thus becomes the new evangel for the

safety and redemption of the people from the social, political and moral curse of the saloon, and its inevitable evil consequences of drunkenness."

Lincoln studied every moral and political issue in this light and from this standpoint, and, as a result of this practice, he studied the opposite side of every question in dispute, and hence he was never surprised by the seeming strength of his opponents, for he saw at once the moral and legal weakness of wrong and untenable positions assumed. This it is that throws a flood of light on his ready and unanswerable repartee by story and statement. In fact, we have seen, often, that after his statement of a proposition it needed no argument.

Honorable Elihu B. Washburn, Lincoln's closest friend, wrote before he died that "when the whole truth is disclosed of Mr. Lincoln's life during the years of 1854-55, it will throw a flood of new light on the character of Mr. Lincoln, and will add new luster to his greatness and his patriotism."

Mr. Lincoln had, as is well known, made up his mind to retire from the political arena. He was annoyed, yea, more, he was disgusted with the low plane on which the politicians, mere politicians, not statesmen, were trying to conduct the affairs of the nation.

Mr. Lincoln was feeling his way up and out of the gloom, despondency and melancholy which had to so great an extent affected his life. There came to him a new light, a new revelation of destiny in those still creative, or rather recreative days, and it is this phase of things to which Mr. Washburn refers in the above lines.

It is a well known fact that Mr. Lincoln hesitated to show his strength of conscience, as he did his wealth of goodness, lest it be counted as ostentation. He said often in 1854-55, **"The saloon and the liquor traffic have defenders, but no defense!"** With him men were neither great nor small—they were right or wrong. He knew no fear except the fear of doing wrong. His expressions and conduct on this question of the prohibition of the liquor traffic and the saloon were so firmly anchored on his profound convictions of right and wrong that they were immutable.

In that memorable canvass, Mr. Lincoln and myself spoke in Jacksonville, in Bloomington, in Decatur, in Danville, in Carlinville, in Peoria, and at many other points.

The gist of Mr. Lincoln's argument was contained in this fearless declaration:

"This legalized liquor traffic, as carried on in the saloons and groggeries, is the tragedy of civilization. Good citizenship demands and requires that what is right should not only be made known, but be made prevalent; that what is evil should not only be detected and defeated, but destroyed. The saloon has proved itself to be the greatest foe, the most blighting curse of our modern civilization, and this is why I am a practical prohibitionist.

"We must not be satisfied until the public sentiment of this State, and the individual conscience shall be instructed to look upon the saloonkeeper and the liquor-seller, with all the license each can give him, as simply and only a privileged malefactor —a criminal."

Mr. Lincoln used, in advocating the entire prohibition of the liquor traffic, nearly the same language, and in many instances the same illustrations that he used later on in his arguments against slavery. At another place he said:

"The real issue in this controversy, the one pressing upon every mind that gives the subject careful consideration, is that legalizing the manufacture, sale, and use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage is a wrong—as all history and every development of the traffic proves it to be—a moral, social and political wrong."

It should be stated distinctly, squarely and fairly, and repeated often, that Mr. Lincoln was a practical total abstinence man; wrote for it, worked for it, taught it, both by precept and by example; and when, from a long and varied experience, he found that the greed and selfishness of the liquor-dealers and the saloon-keepers overleaped and disregarded all barriers and every other restraint, and taught by the lessons of experience that nothing short of the entire prohibition of the traffic and the saloon would settle the question, he became an earnest, unflinching prohibitionist.

We do not say much about it, for it is not necessary, but there were times and occasions when Mr. Lincoln came to be, in his administration, greater than law—when his wisdom was greater than the combined wisdom of all the people. The people, the law-makers, had never comprehended the conditions and the situation that confronted him. He was as great as necessity, and our safety lay in the fact that he was as just as he was great, and as wise as he was just. Great in law, but greater in necessity.

"God be praised for the great gifts he showered upon him; God be praised for the generous use he made of them. In the radiance of God's light and in the sunshine of his love from out the gates of pearl which were swung inward to his entrance by those who waited to welcome him thither, there opened to him that vast and bright eternity, vivid with God's love. We could wish for a moment the veil might be parted and we, too, could have vision that such labor shall be crowned with immortal rest. Hail, brother, and farewell."

"Boil down the 2,000,000,000 gallons of the sap of the upas tree of intemperance and it will make $200,000,000 worth of revenue soothing syrup, sufficient to put to sleep the conscience of a nation."—Frank B Stevenson in American Advance.

On the Life Mask of Abraham Lincoln

This bronze doth keep the very form and mold
Of our great martyr's face. Yes, this is he;
That brow all wisdom, all benignity;
That human, humorous mouth; those cheeks that hold

Like some harsh landscape all the summer's gold;
That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea
For storms to beat on; the lone agony
Those silent, patient lips too well foretold.

Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men
As might some prophet of the elder day—
Brooding above the tempest and the fray

With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken.
A power was his beyond the touch of art
Or armed strength—his pure and mighty heart.

—Richard Watson Gilder in the Century Magazine, 1886. With thanks to the Century Company.

Don't fail to read Sculptor Volk's account of making the Life-Mask Bust of Abraham Lincoln.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

Of Abraham Lincoln's Second Inauguration

BY ERVIN S. CHAPMAN, D.D., LL. D.

The second inauguration of Abraham Lincoln took place on the 4th of March, 1865. I was at that time clerk of the committee on territories of the lower house of congress and during the preceding winter had many opportunities to meet the president officially and otherwise. I was eagerly anxious to witness the inauguration ceremony and was determined that nothing should prevent me from hearing every word of the inaugural address.

I knew there would be an immense crowd, as the city was thronged with people from all parts of the nation, each one intent on securing a favorable position near the temporary platform on which the ceremonies were to occur.

The morning was cold and stormy, but at 7 o'clock I took my station about twenty feet from the platform and just in front of where I knew the president would stand while delivering his address and receiving the oath of office.

For more than an hour I was the only occupant of the space on which before noon 50,000 men and women were shivering in the drenching rain and either crowding to gain better positions or stubbornly holding the places they had secured. The scene was so inspiring and my anticipations were so lively that I did not experience the least discomfort during the five hours of exposure to the constant chilling rain, and I have not now the slightest recollection of any unpleasant condition or experience from the plentiful and prolonged precipitation.

Upon the thousands of seats provided for favored guests upon the great platform were all occupied save those reserved for the presidential party and for those who were attending the sessions of the two houses of congress. I was standing where I could plainly see each one who came upon the great platform and I recognized among the number many of our nation's most distinguished and honored citizens.

The Presidential Party.

It was nearly 1 o'clock when a peculiar movement among the guards directly before me, and far up on the platform by the magnificent Corinthian pillars, indicated that the presidential party had arrived.

In an instant the boisterous tumult was hushed to profound silence and one could feel the waves of patriotic devotion that swept over and over that immense assembly.

Then the stalwart figure of the president was seen, accompanied by Chief Justice Chase, and moving with dignified rapidity to the front of the platform. They were followed by the justices of the supreme court, members of both houses of congress, the diplomatic corps and a large company, for whom seats upon the platform had been reserved.

Up to that moment there had not been a ray of sunshine and the rain had fallen with ceaseless constancy, but just as Mr. Lincoln stepped from beneath the shelter of the Capitol building, out past the Corinthian columns and the heroic statue of Columbus, and upon the temporary platform, there was suddenly a great opening in the thick black clouds above us and the bright sunlight burst upon the scene in divine fullness and benignity. The melancholy face of the president instantly became luminous with the emotions we have since learned were awakened in his anxious heart by the good omen from above, and the great expectant throng, inspired by his coming, greeted the gladdening sunshine with religious and enraptured enthusiasm.

I never knew until very recently that Mr. Lincoln recognized the coincidence of the clouds parting and the sunlight flooding the scene just as he stepped upon the platform but that he did and that he referred to it the next day with apparent rapture is mentioned by one of his reliable biographers.

I have many times in conversation and in public addresses referred to the fact, but never until within the past two weeks have I seen any mention of it in print. I could not possibly have had a better position to witness the ceremonies and to observe with enthusiastic interest the features and movements of the president.

When all were seated Mr. Lincoln promptly and without introduction arose and stepped to the front of the platform with the manuscript of his address in his left hand. During the preceding three months I had come to be somewhat familiar with his heroic figure, but in the six minutes occupied in delivering his address he seemed almost superhuman in his proportions and mould. Men of magnificent personal appearance were about him—Chase, Sumner, Wilson and many more—but they were outclassed, utterly outclassed, by the nation's chief.

Serenity a Benediction.

Though not graceful, his manner was exceedingly impressive and the calm serenity of his features was to me a benediction of perpetual potency. I can today close my eyes and see before me that strong, determined face radiant with confidence and peace, as vividly as I saw it in the heavenly sunshine on that 4th of March more than four decades ago.

The first two words of the inaugural address thrilled me through and through like recurrent waves of electricity. It was not what he said, though that was, in such addresses, peculiar, I believe to this inaugural. Others before him had said "Fellow Citizens," as he did in his first inaugural four years before, but in this greatest of all his state papers or addresses, with divine inspiration, as it seems to me, he used with peculiar fitness the words, "Fellow Countrymen," instead of "Fellow Citizens."

It was not the words, however, but the manner of their utterance that impressed me most deeply. I was then a young man filled with earnest desire to become, if possible, an effective public speaker. For this I had made careful and diligent preparation and I had heard with absorbing attention the great orators of that day. I knew how they would have begun such an address. I knew that they would have uttered its first words in tones heard by only a limited number of that countless throng, and their voices would have grown stronger and their tones more distinct as they proceeded. I had no thought that anyone would do otherwise, and I doubt if there was then living another man who would have begun that address as Abraham Lincoln did.

Others will understand my astonishment as those two introductory

words rang out in a tone so full and clear and strong as to be distinctly heard by those who were farthest from the speaker. "Good! Good!" was the instant response of the crowd.

Not one or two voices, but scores, if not hundreds, did I hear express by that word the gladsome gratitude of those who had failed to secure positions near the platform and were both delighted and astonished to be able to hear distinctly. And to the end of the address he continued on that high, strong sustained key, thus enabling all who were present distinctly to hear every word of that incomparable address.

Quoted Scripture Impressively.

Only six minutes did Mr. Lincoln stand before that vast assembly, but in that brief period he quoted three diverse passages of Scripture with a measure of fitness surpassed by none but the Savior of mankind.

In my remembrance I can now hear him as he stirred us to hasty and uncharitable judgment, and then hushed our condemning spirit by gently, though impressively repeating the Master's admonition, "Let us judge not, that we be not judged." Remembering the life struggle and hardship which preceded that day, the awful experiences of four years of war, and the hostilities then in progress, the spirit manifested by that quotation and its connection has never been surpassed by human kind.

I never understood until he taught me that day the significance of the words, "Woe unto the world because of offense." In the sentence which followed that quotation there is expressed a tremendous truth upon which I have since learned that he had for years pondered and which it would be well for our present generation duly to consider. I did not at the time fully understand his meaning, but I have meditated upon that sentence and the truth it suggests as upon few utterances of men.

It is now nearly forty-four years since I heard that address, but from that day to this I have never called to remembrance the 19th psalm without hearing the voice of Abraham Lincoln saying, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

In early life I memorized that psalm, and for many years, upon the flying train, in the bustling throng, when overworked and wakeful at night, and when the tension of pain, sorrow or anxiety seemed to require relaxation, I have repeated that peculiarly precious portion of God's word, but I never reach that passage without the tall form of Abraham Lincoln appearing before me and I pause to hear him say, "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray that this terrible scourge of war may speedily pass away, but if God will, etc." And then I remember how peculiarly significant were those words of the Psalmist as they fell from the lips of Abraham Lincoln.

Yes, I heard him utter these words, "With malice towards none, with charity for all." I heard him say them. I felt in a measure their tremendous force, and it was worth all it cost in being thus exposed to storm and tempest for six long hours to have heard those simple, but tremendous words.

Address Impressed Him.

I did not realize when listening to the address how profound and abiding was the impression it was making upon me, but on my way home the next day, as I was reading in a daily paper an account of the inauguration ceremonies, I was surprised to discover that I could accurately repeat the inaugural address almost in its entirety.

The oath of office was administered by Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase, whom Lincoln had but a few weeks previous placed in that exalted station. There was a very marked contrast between the voices of those two distinguished men as the chief justice in very deep and heavy tones read the oath sentence by sentence, and the president repeated it after him.

Mr. Lincoln then kissed the open Bible, and the impressive services were ended. The next day Chief Justice Chase presented to Mrs. Lincoln the copy of the Bible used upon the occasion with a mark around the 27th and 28th verses of the fifth chapter of Isaiah to designate the precise place on the page which was touched in the solemn kiss by the lips with which the Word of God had just been so fittingly quoted, and from which had fallen upon humanity, like a divine benediction, the words, "With malice toward none, with charity for all, etc." It will be well to turn to those verses and mark them.

In the afternoon of that day I saw groups of people at several widely separated points in the city, all gazing up towards the heavens, and at length I, too, paused and looked, and to my unspeakable surprise I saw a bright and beautiful star shining with undimmed splendor in close proximity to the unclouded king of day. It was about 3 o'clock and the star was at the point which the sun had seemed to pass about one hour before. I know not the significance of this remarkable phenomenon, but I could not but regard it as a symbol of the star of hope, which that day gladdened the hearts of the sorrowing but submissive American people.

STORY

"SNAKES IN THE STUMP"

The Latest by Bishop Robert McIntyre

The cabin in the clearing, in the middle of the West fifty years ago, was a familiar and cheering sight to the summer traveler along the highways of the timber lands.

Smoke curling from the chimney, the cow tethered in the grass, the sheep grazing on the hill, the horse looking from the stable, the chickens feeding in the yard, pigeons wheeling overhead, the cherokee roses around the window, the hollyhocks along the fence, the lilacs beside the well, where the tall sweep brought up the brimming bucket, and the open door through which the open dressers preached all the hospitable code of the friendly ethics common on the old country road, made a picture on the retina to be hung on memory's walls as a joy forever.

In such a home lived a young farmer and his wife with their two boys of four and six years of age. In the garden stood a big stump of a sycamore tree, which had in its top a depression partly filled with leaves. While playing the younger lad climbed on it and stepped into the hollow place. Instantly he screamed in terror, trying to get out, calling for help, stretching his hands pitifully. The other one ran to his aid and scrambled in to lift him out, but alas, he was caught also in the terrible trap, for that remnant of the tree round which the wild morning-glories climbed and on which the robin sang at dawn was a nest of rattlesnakes.

When the father ran from the meadow and drew them out, the curly haired darlings were moaning with agony and writhing with convulsions, and soon, while both parents bent above them on the porch, weeping and praying, they closed their eyes in death and their sweet spirits left the swollen distorted bodies to enter another world. Next day two little graves were dug under the elm tree and the sad-hearted couple burned that stump down to its roots and covered the ashes with earth to hide it forever.

Herein is a homely Parable. That stump sets before me vividly the Liquor Traffic and its inmost diabolism. Around this gigantic wickedness poets like Anacreon and Omar have wreathed the flowers of fancy and twined the tendrils of imagery till its hideousness is hidden in sensuous strophes of licentious desire. Singers like Burns and Villon have fluted their mellifluous

This is doubly a "Lincoln Memorial Number," being dated on the birth month and published on the death month of the great President.

notes in praise of this destroyer of Man until millions have been brought low by the serpents coiled within. One of them is

Degeneracy.

In the Popular Science Monthly for January, 1911, Dr. Davenport, an authority on Eugenics, says, "Our only hope for humanity is in better matings."

This is the Gospel, shouted through the megaphone of modern science.

All our prisons, almshouses, insane asylums, quarantines and lazarettos attest it.

All institutes for the feeble-minded, all reform schools, orphanages, infirmaries assert it likewise.

One must ask here:

"How can we have better heredity when alcohol is permitted to pollute men and women, to dilute the blood, to shrivel the nerves and engorge the delicate tissues of the brain?"

The increased host of delinquents, defectives, demented, subnormals and incompetents coming into existence and threatening to shake down the social order, show that some enemy of the race is poisoning the stream of Life at its source.

O! the pathos of the children flung crippled into existence, facing the stern realities, maimed, diseased, halt, fearful, unfit.

Their cradle is the infested stump.

They are bitten at birth.

Their pinched faces make mute protest against us; their pale lips say: "I never had half a chance," their wan hands beckon us to judgment.

How shall we step over their little graves to face the ire of Him who loves "the least of these?"

Now, I say:

The second Snake is

Crime.

When anarchy lifts its red front and hisses its lawless threatenings through the shuddering city, its nest is surely found over or under or in or nigh the saloon.

When the mob howls in frenzy and the town is blanched with fear, loud ascends the cry, "Close the barrooms, keep the liquor locked up, shut every groggery at once."

When misrule of any type, open or secret, is set up, or iniquity of any degree is planned or executed, this breeder of violence and disturber of pace stalks abroad.

Then the stiletto flashes and the victim sinks on the sanded floor of the village shebeen. Then the pistol cracks and the officer of the law reels. Then the bludgeon descends and the helpless wife staggers and falls. Then the door opens and the family flee shivering into the night. Then the hiccoughing Colonel in the saddle orders brave soldiers to hapless destruction. Then the boozy Captain on the slippery deck runs his ship on the rocks, and cuts her throat on the cruel reef; and the drowned sailors are thrown on the sand. In almost every calamity this Hag of Hell has her full share, dancing her ghastly delirium in red-stained robes and shaking pestilence from her leprous hands, and for what?

Why?

Why are millions mired in shame, bogged in poverty? Why do criminals immured from the sun play with insects in their cells to keep from madness? Why do transgressors, weak-kneed and repentant, whisper "good-by" through the black cap upon the scaffold stairs? Why do heartbroken wives hide and mothers moan, and little kiddies cry when they learn that father will come home no more?

O well! reason enough. That the lords of the still may feed fat and sleep soft and roll in wealth and their jeweled dames seek the Riviera in swift yachts to watch the blue ocean flash and flow. That our Masters of the Mash Tub may dwell in stately mansions on the select boulevards and have winter houses amid the ilex and orange trees, when their victims face the sleet in cooped and windowed raggedness. O! Well, what more would you have? Hush! The third snake is

Misery.

There is a slack-twisted sophistry spun down the line of years which runs, "Let rum alone and it will let you alone." Will it? There never was a baser, sadder lie than this. My ears ring now across forty years with the "keening." Did you ever hear it? Oh, the wordless, piteous long-drawn agony of it, of a fine girl from Erin's Isle who found her brother dead in the weeds beside a doggery in the village of my youth, and all night above the chirring of the crickets, the call of the katydids, the plaint of the whippoorwill, rose that unearthly, soul-chilling wail. She let it alone, but it branded her for life.

I can see the well-to-do farmer sitting before me in church as I told the old, old story. As twilight fell, I dismissed the people and he arose, went to his wagon, rode home, entered the door to be shot dead by a drunken hireling. He touched no glass, drank no drop. He let it alone, but the fuddled fool who slew him hauled his corpse to a stream and flung it in, he was hanged for it and, weeping in his prison, told me drink had been his downfall.

The dear old German father who took me one night to help get his son out of a dive said, "When he was a baby he had the fever, and the doctor said he would die before morning. He was the only child I had and I couldn't let him go. I prayed the Lord to spare him, but I have wished a thousand times he had died in his innocent childhood. He is a drunkard now, he has crushed his mother and brought my gray hairs down in grief." That sire let it alone. He is in heaven today, but, oh, if I could say he has his boy.

It lets no one alone. I have seen a bonnie wee girl under a surgeon's knife because of her father's craving. I have seen a chum hang his head as a debauched parent tottered by. I have seen a whole family wiped out by it. I have seen honor smirched, man degraded, woman dethroned, childhood disgraced, bodies rotted, minds clouded, souls lost. Our whole nation is impoverished, peeled, made sorrowful by the trouble it makes.

Do you hear the children sobbing in the night, my friend? Do you hear the poor women praying? Hark, they are saying, "Lord, is there none to help?" Give me your hand. Let us stand up together and make a vow: "While we have a vote or a voice, we are **against this thing any time or anywhere.**"

DEATH TAKES GENERAL FREDERICK D. GRANT

In the sudden death last week of General Frederick D. Grant the nation, as well as the cause of temperance and morality, sustained a severe loss. General Grant was under 62 years of age, but unlike some men in public life he became more outspoken on moral issues with the advance of years. He brought a storm of criticism from the liquor people by heading a temperance parade through the business district of Chicago, but when summoned by the war department to explain he said: "That parade was a demonstration in favor of good government. I would lead another such if I had the opportunity."—The Continent, April 18-1912.